

there'll be peace by ahoydonnie

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Summary:

sam only knows three things- his room, the bad room, and this strange, haunting song. no family, barely a voice, and these powerful headaches take him out of the lab and on the road.

set in the stranger things 1980's with a much younger sam and dean (14 and 18, respectively).

there'll be peace

The lab was quieter than usual today. No usual clicks of the rubber soles of leather shoes against tile, no gentle “excuse me’s” from hurried scientists rushing from room to room, and no coffee slurps. In fact, it felt like the whole building was empty. But Sam knew better than to think such things.

He sat in the corner of his small room and let out a heavy sigh. He tapped the wall and hummed to himself. There was a song that was constantly in his head, but he hadn’t heard the real thing in so long, he wasn’t sure if it even had words. He just knew he liked it.

It was good to fill the empty space with music, at least it was something. Right now, it was just Sam, and it seemed that it had been just Sam forever. Just Sam.

He had a roommate, but he never talked. In turn, Sam never uttered a word besides the first “hello”. They never spoke a word to each other, but they shared conversations in their own way. It was as if they’d meet up in their minds. It was nice for a time, but one day, they dragged his friend from the room, and they never saw each other again. It took Sam a long time to try to clear the soundless screams from his head.

But today, he focused on music. His headaches were coming back again, and this tune, whatever it was, was helping a little. He cracked a small smile and tapped on the wall faster, feeling brave enough to say something. He took a deep breath.

A man is running through the woods, armed with a silver gun. A much younger man is on his tail, looking behind him. They’re shouting to each other, but no sound is coming out. The gun goes off several times, and they dive into the river.

Sam woke up on the opposite side of his room in a cold sweat. His whole room was awash in this ominous red light. He pulled down the front of his gown, and noticed that they put the monitors back on his chest. He grunted angrily, no matter how many times he tore them off, they still found their way back onto him. He had no time to be

angry though, the scientists were on their way, coming for him.

The large metal door slowly opened, and a man stood in the doorway. His presence was commanding, as if he were a god. He almost was one, this lab was his heaven on earth, and the children were his angels.

He gave a soft smile when he saw the boy, backed up into a corner. "Good morning, Samuel, I see that you're up already."

Sam did not respond, he couldn't, he'd been mute for so long, he was sure he'd forgotten what his own voice sounded like.

"Come with me, I have something for you to do." The doctor held out his hand, and slowly, he took it.

They walked down the hallway together, the sounds of the doctor's shoes reverberating off the walls. It sounded deafening to Sam, and he plugged his ears with his shoulder and his free hand.

"Your headaches, I see they've gotten worse." The doctor got a nod. "You haven't come to exercise, Samuel. You're getting older, your mind needs it." He bent down a little, and faced him directly. "It craves it."

When he realized where he was going, Sam leaned back and tugged his arm, trying to let go of the doctor's hand, but he had it in a death grip. The doctor put his other hand on the doorknob, and pushed the door open, and as he did, Sam started pulling on his hand faster, and let out a petrified yell.

The doctor picked him up without any care or consideration for the boy's frail body. "Do you know what day it is today, Samuel?" He pushed him down into the chair and multiple scientists rushed over to hold him down and strap him in. "Today is your birthday. Fourteen years without incident, and this is how you choose to go about today. I always knew that there was some sort of rebel hiding in you."

The doctor reached out and took some of Sam's hair in his hands. "Look at your hair. Because of your little tests with the vital

monitors, we weren't able to get to you.”

One of the scientists behind him grabbed his hair, and with several swift swipes of the electric razor, it was gone.

Sam worked so hard just to grow it, he felt like it gave him a connection to what he wanted from the outside world, and it was taken from him. Just like that very same connection.

He shook violently and spit at the doctor, before his head was jerked back to press against the headrest. The final strap was metal, and it was cold to the touch. He could feel a headache churning in his brain, and he tried to resist it. The tears were falling down his face faster than he could remember the tune he had been humming for years.

Then, he was gone.

Author's Note:

hello y'all, kyle here
if you're reading this, you got to the end of the first
chapter of "there'll be peace"! awesome! i just want
to thank you for checking it out.